

BLVRT
Master-Constable.

OR
The Spaniards Night-walke.

As it hath bin sundry times priuately
acted by the Children of Paules.

Parresq; scenari.
Fronde comes vincticenam, et carmina dictant.
By Thomas Middleton.



First Edition.

L O N D O N ,

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at the long shop vnder S. Middells Church in
the Poultry, 1602.

Collected
Perfect
1602

Exhibit
S. 17. 2. 1. 1





Blurt Master Constable.

Enter Camillo with Violetta, Hipolito, Baptista, Bentiuolio,
& Virgilio, as returning from warre, euery one with a Glouc in his
hat, Ladies with them, Doyt and Dandiprat.

Hipol.



Mary Sir, the onely rising vp in Armes, is
in the armes of a woman: peace (I say
still) is your onely Paradice, when euerie
Adam may haue his Christmas Eue: and
you take mee lying any more by the
colde sides of a brazen-face field-peice
vnlesse I haue such a Downe pillow vnder me, Ile giue you leaue
to knocke vp both my golles in my Fathers hall, and hang hats
vpon these ten-penny nailes.

Viol. And yet brother, when with the sharpest hookes of my
wit I laboured to pull you from the waites, you broke loose, like
a horse that knew his owne strenght, and vow'd, nothing but a
man of warre should backey ou.

Hip. I haue been backt since and almost vnbackt too.

Viol. And swore that honour was never dyed in graine, till it
was dipt in the cullors of the field.

Hip. I am a new man Sister, and now cry a pox a that ho-
nor, that must haue none but Barber-Surgeonsto waite vpon't,
and a band of poore stragling rascals, that euery twinkling of an
eye, forfeit their legs and armes into the Lords hands: Witches
by Mar, his sweatty Buffe Jerkin. (for now all my men must
smell a the Soldado) I haue seene more mens heades vp

Blurt Master Constable:

and downe like foote-balles at a breakfast, after the hungry Cannons had pickt them, than are Maiden-heads in Venice: and more legs of men seru'd in at a dinner, then euer I shall see legs of Capons in one platter whil'st I liue.

1 Lady. Perhaps all those were Capons legs you did see.

Virg. Nay misstris He witness against you for some of them.

Viol. I doe not thinke for all this, that my brother stood to it so lustilie as he makes his brags for.

3 Lady. No, no, these great talkers are neuer great doers.

Viol. Faith brother how many did you kill for your share?

Hip. Not so many as thou haft done with that villanous eye by a thousand.

Viol. I thought so much that's iust none.

Cam. Tis not a Souldiers glory to tell howe many liues hee has ended, but how many he has sau'd: in both which honours the noble *Hipolito* had most excellent possession. Believe it my faire Misstris, tho' many men in a battle haue done more, your brother in this equal'd him who did most: he went from you a worthy Gentleman, he brings with him that tytle that makes a Gentleman most worthy; *the name of a Soldier*, which how wel and how soone he hath earn'd, would in me seeme glorious to rehearse, in you to heare: but because his owne eare dwels so neere my voice, I will play the ill neighbour, and cease to speake well of him.

Viol. An argument that eyther you dare not, or loue not to flatter.

Cam. No more then I dare or loue to doe wrong; yet to make a Cronicle of my friends nobly-acted deeds, would stand as far from flattery in me, as cowardize did from him.

Hip. S'foote if all the wit in this coimpany haue nothing to set it selfe about, but to run Deuision vpon me; why then Eene burne off mine eares indeed; but my little Mer-maides, Signior *Camillo* does this, that I now might describe the *Nimanticall* motion of the whole battle, and so tell what hee has done: and come, shall I begin?

1 Lady. O for beauties loue, a good motion.

Hip. But

Hip. But I can tell you one thing, I shall make your haire stand vp an end at some things.

Viol. Prethee good brother Soldier keepe the peace, our haire stand an end? pittie a my hart, the next end would be of our wits: we hang out a white flag most terrible *Tamberlaine*, and begge mercy; come, come, let vs neither haue your *Nimmiticall* motions nor your swaggering battailes: why my Lord *Camillo*, you invited mee hether to a banquet, not to the Ballad of a pitcht field.

Cam. And heere it stands bright Mistris, sweetly attending what doome your lips will lay vpon it.

Viol. I marie Sir, let our teeth describe this Motion.

2 Lady. We shall neuer describe it well, for fumbling i'th mouth.

Hip. Yes, yes, I haue a tricke to make vs ynderstand one another and we fumble neuer so—

Viol. Meddle not with his trickes sweet heart; vnder pardon my Lord, tho I am your guest, Ile bestow my selfe, sit deere beauties: for the men, let them take vp places themselues; I prethee brother fighter sit, & talke of any subiect, but this langling law at Armes.

Hip. The law at legs then.

Viol. Wil you be so lustie? no nor legs neither, we'll haue them tyed vp too, since you are among Ladies: gallants, handle those things onlie that are fit for Ladies.

Hip. Agree'd so that we go not out of the compasse of those things that are fit for Lords.

Viol. Be't so, what's the Theame then?

1 Lady. Beawte, that fits vs best.

Cam. And of Beautie what tongue would not speake the best: since it is the Iewell that hangs vpon the brow of heauen, the best cullor that can be laide vpon the cheeke of earth: beauty makes men Gods immortall, by making mortall men to liue euer in loue. (for loue.

2 Lady. Euer' not so, I haue heard that some men haue dyed

Viol. So haue I, but I could neuer see't: Ide ride forty miles

to follow such a fellow to Church, and would make more of a sprig of Rosemary at his buriall, than of a gilded Bride-branch at mine owne wedding.

Camil. Take you such delight in men that dye for loue?

Viol. Not in the men nor in the death, but in the deed; troth I thinke he is not a sound man that wil dye for a woman, and yet I would never loue a man soundlie, that would not knocke at deathes doore for my loue.

Hip. Ide knocke as long as I thought good, but haue my braines knockt out when I entred, if I were he.

Cam. What *Venetian* Gentleman was there, that hauing *this* in his Burgonet, did not (to proue his head worthy of the honor) doe more than defye death to the verie face? trust vs Ladies, our *Signior*y standes bound in greater summes of thankes to your beauties for victorie, than to our valour: my deare *Violetta* one kisse to this picture of your whitest hand, when I was euen faint, (with giuing and receiuing the doale of warre)
Set a new edge on my sword: in so much that,
I singled out a gallant Spirit of *France*,
And charg'd him with my Launce in full careere,
And after rich exchange of noble courage,
(The space of a good houre on eyther side)
At last crying, now for *Violetta*es honour,
I yanquisht him, and him (dismounited) tooke
Not to my selfe, but prisoner to my loue.

Viol. I haue heard much praise of that French gallant, good my Lord, bring him acquainted with our eyes.

Cam. I will, goe boy fetch noble *Fontinell*. *Exit Boy.*

Hip. Willyour French prisoner drinke well? or else cut his throate.

Cam. Oh no he cannot brooke it.

Hip. The pox he can, s'light me thinks a French man shold haue a good courage to wine, for many of them be exceeding hot fiery whoresons, and resolute as *Tector*, and as valliant as *Troilus*; then come off and on brauely and lye by it, and sweate fort too, vpon a good and a militory aduantage.

Enter

Blurt Master Constable:

Enter Fontinell,

Cam. Prethee haue done heere comes the prisoner.

Viol. My Lord Camillo, is this the Gentleman,
Whose valour, by your valour is subdu'd?

Cam. It is faire Lady, and I yeild him vp,
To be your beauties worthy prisoner:
Lord Fontinell, thinke your captiuity
Happie in this, she that hath conuerced me,
Receiuers my conquest, as my loues faire fee.

Viol. Faire stranger droope not, since the chance of wars
Brings to the Soldier death, restraint, or scarres.

Font. Lady, I know the fortune of the field,
Is death with honour, or with shame to yeild,
As I haue done.

Viol. In that no scandall lies,
Who dyes when he may live, he doubly dyes.

Font. My reputation's lost.

Viol. Nay that's not so,
You flee not, but were vanquisht by your foe,
The eye of warre respects not you nor him,
It is our fate will haue vs loose or win,
You will disdaine if I you prisoner call?

Font. No, but reioyce, since I am beauties thrall.

Hip. Enough of this, come wenches shake your hecles.

Cam. Musicke aduance thee on thy golden wing,
And daunce deuision from sweet string to string.

Font. Camillo I shall curbe thy tyranie,
In making me that Ladies prisoner:
She has an Angels bodie, but within't,
Her coy heart sayes there lyes a heart of flint,
Such beautie be my Iaylor? a heauenly hell!
The darke't dungcon, which despite can devise,
To throw this carkasse in; her glorious eyes
Can make as lightsome, as the fairest chamber
In Paris Louvre: come captiuicie,
And chaine me to her lookes; how am I lost?

Musicke for
a Measure.

Being

Blurt Master Constable.
Being twice in minde, as twice in body lost.

Whilst Fontinell speakes, they dance a straine, Violenta on a sodaine
breakes off, the rest stand talking.

Cam. Not the measure out faire Mistris?

Viol. No faire seruant, not the measure out, I haue on the so-
daine a foolish desire to be out of the measure.

Cam. What breeds that desire?

Viol. Nay I hope it is no breeding matter, tush, tush, by my
maiden-head I will not, the musicke likes me not, and I haue
a shooe wrings me to th' heart; besides I haue a womans reason,
I will not daunce, because I will not daunce: prethee deare He-
rotake my prisoner there into the measure; fy I cannot abide to
see a man sad nor idle, Ile bee out once, as the Musicke is (in
mine care)

Font. Lady, bid him whose heart no sorrow feeles,
Tickle the rushes with his wanton heeles,
I haue too much lead at mine.

i Lady. Ile make it light.

Font. How?

i Lady. By a nimble daunce.

Font. You hit it right.

i Lady. Your Keeper bids you daunce.

Font. Then I obay,

My heart I feele growes light, it melts away.

They daunce, Violetta stands by marking Fontinell.

Viol. In troth a very pretty French man, the carriage of his
bodie likes me well; so does his footing, so does his face, so does
his eye aboue his face, so does himselfe, aboue all that can bee a-
bove himselfe.

Camillo thou hast plaide a foolish part,

Thy prisoner makes a slauke of thy loues heart.

Shal Camillo then sing willow, willow, willow? not for the world:
no, no, my French prisoner; I will vse thee Cupid knowes how,
and teach thee to fall into the hands of a woman: if I doe not
feede

Blurt Master Constable!

feede thee with faire lookes, nere let me loue : if thou gett' out
of my fingers til I haue thy verie heart, nere let me loue; nothing
but thy life shall serue my turne , and how otherwise Ile plague
thee, Monsieur you and Ile deale, onely this , because Ile be sure
he shall not start , Ile locke him in a little low roome besides
himselfe , where his wanton eye shall see neither Sunne nor
Moone : So, the daunce is done , and my heart has done her
worst,made me in loue: farewell my Lord, I haue much haft,you
haue many thankes,I am angred a little, but am greatly pleas'd:
if you wonder that I take this strange leauue ; excuse it thus, that
women are strange fooles, and will take any thing.

Exit.

Hip. Trickes:trickes:kerry merry buffe; how now lad, in a
traunce?

Cam. Strange farewell:after,deere Hippolito,
O what a maze is loue of ioy and woe !

Exeunt.

Fout. Strange frenzie;after wretched Fantinell,
Oh what a heauen is loue ! oh what a hell !

Exit.

Enter Lazarillo melancholy, and Pilcher his boy.

Laz. Boy,I am melancholy because I burne,

Pil. And I am melancholy because I am a colde.

Laz. I pine away with the desire of flesh.

Pil. It's neither flesh nor fish that I pine for, but for both.

Laz. Pilcher,Cupid hath got me a stomacke, and I long for
lac'd mutton.

Pil. Plaine mutton without a lace would serue me.

Laz. For as your tame Monkey is your onely best, & most
onely beast to your Spanish Lady: or, as your Tobacco is your
onely smoker away of rewme', and all other rewmetickē disea-
ses: or as your Irish lowse does bite most naturally fourteene
weekes, after the change of your Saffron seamed shirts: or as the
commodities which are sent out of the Low-countries(and put
in vessels called mother Cornelius, dry-fats)are most common in
Fraunce: so it pleaseth the destinies,that I should drinke
out of a most sweet Italian vessell, being a Spaniard.

B

Pil. What

Blurt Master Constable.

Pil. What vessell is that Signior?

La. A Woman Pilcher, the moyst handed Madona Imperia,
a most rare and diuine creature.

Pil. A most rascallie damn'd Curtizan.

La. Boy, hast thou forrag'd the Country for a new lodg-
ing? for I haue sworne to laye my bones in this Chittie of Ve-
nice.

Pil. Any man that sees vs will sweare that we shall both lay
our bones, and nothing but bones, and we stalke heere longer;
they tell me Signior, I must goe to the Constable, and he is to see
you lodg'd.

La. Inquier for that busie-member of the Chitty.

Enter Doyt and Dandyprat passing ouer.

Pilc. I will, and heere come a leash of Informers: saue you
plumpe youths.

Dan. And thee my leane stripling.

Pilc. Which is the Constables house?

Doit. That at the signe of the browne Bill.

Pilch. Farewell.

Dan. Why, and farewell; the roague's made of pye-crust he's
so short.

Pilch. The Officious Gentleman inherits heere. *He knockes*

La. Knock, or enter, & let thy voice pul him out by the eares.

Doit. Slid Dandiprat, this is the Spanish curtall that in the last
battaile, fled twenty miles ere he lookt behinde him.

Dan. Doyt, he did the wiser: but serra, this blocke shall bee a
rare threshold for vs to whet our wits vpon; come, lets about our
busines, and if heere we finde him at our retурne, he shall find vs
this month in knauery. *Exeunt.*

Pil. What ho, no body speakes, where dwels the Constable?

Enter Blurt and Slubber the Beadle.

Blu. Heere dwels the Constable; call assistance, giue them
my full charge, raize(if you see cause) now sir, what are you sir?

Pilc. Fol-

Blurt Master Constable.

[Pilc. Follower to that Spanish-leather Gentleman.]

Blur. And what are you sir, that cry out vpon me? looke to his tooles. What are you sir? speake, what are you? I charge you what are you?

La. Most cleare Mirrour of Magistrates, I am a seruitor to God Mars.

Blur. For your seruing of God I am not to meddle, why doe you raize me?

La. I desire to haue a wide roome in your fauour: sweete bloud, cast away your name vpon me; for I neither know you by your face, nor by your voice.

Blur. It may be so Sir; I haue two voices in any company: one, as I am Master Constable: another, as I am Blur: : and the third, as I am Blur Master Constable.

La. I vnderstand, you are a mightie piller or poast in the Chittie.

Blur. I am a poore poast, but not to stand at euerie mans doore, without my bench of Bill-men: I am (for a better) the Dukes owne Image, and charge you in his name to obey me.

La. I doe so.

Blur. I am to stand Sir in any baudie house, or sincke of wickenes: I am the Dukes owne grace, and in any fray or resurrection, am to besturte my stumps as well as he; I charge you know

Blur. Turne the Armes to him. (this staffe.)

Blur. Vpon this may I leane, & no man say black's mine eye

Li. Who so euer saies you haue a blacke eye, is a Camooche, most great Blur; I doe vnpent-house the roofe of my carkas & touch the knee of thy Office in Spanish complement, I desire to sojourne in your Chitty.

Blur. Sir, sir, for fault of a better, I am to charge you, not to keepe a Soldiering in our Cittie without a Precept: besides, by my office I am to search & examine you: haue you the Duke's hand to passe? (fingers.)

La. Signior no, I haue the Generals hand at large, and all his

Blur. Except it be for the general good of the Common wealth, the Generall cannot leade you vp and downe our Cittie.

Blurt Master Constable.

Laz. I haue the Generals hand to passe through the world at my pleasure.

Blurt. At your pleasure? that's rare; then rowlie, powlie, our wiues shall lye at your commaund: your Generall has no such authoritie in my Presinete, and therefore I charge you passe no further.

Laz. I tell thee, I will passe through the world, thou little morsell of lustice, and eate twenty such as thou art.

Blur. Sir, sir, you shall finde Venice out of the world; He tickle you for that.

Laz. I will passe through the world, as Alexander Magnus did, to Conquer.

Blu. As Alexander of Saint Magnus did? that's another matter, you might haue informed this at the firſt, & you never needed to haue come to your anſwere: let me ſee your *Paffi*, if it bee not the Dukes hand, He tickle you for all this: quicklie I pray, this ſtaffe is to walke in other places.

Laz. There it is.

Blu. Slubber, read it ouer.

Laz. Read it your ſelfe, what Befonian is that?

Blu. This is my Clarke ſir, he has been Clarke to a good many bondes and Billes of mine, I keepe him onelie to read, for I cannot, my Office will not let me.

Pii. Why doe you put on your Spectacles then?

Blu. To ſee, that hee read right: how now Slubber, iſt the Dukes hand? He tickle him elſe.

Slu. Mastis not like his hand.

Blurt. Looke well, the Duke has a wart on the backe of his hand.

Slub. Heere's none on my word Master Constable, but a little blot.

Blur. Blot? lets ſee, lets ſee; ho that stands for the wart, doe you ſee the tricke of that? Stay stay, is there not a little pricke in the hand for the Dukes hand had a pricke in't when I was with him, with opening Oysters.

Slu. Yes mas her's one, besides tis a goodly great long hand.

Blu. So,

Blurt Master Constable:

Biu. So has the Duke a goodly huge hand, I have shooke him by it, (God forgive me) ten thousand times: hee must passe like Alexander of Saint Magnus; Well Sir, (tis your duety to stand bare) the Duke has sent his fist to me, and I were a lew if I should shrinke for it; I obay, you must passe, but pray take heede with what dice you passe, I meane what company, for Sathan is most busie, where he findes one like himselfe. your name Sir?

La. Lazarillo de Tormes in Castile, cozen Germaine to the Adolantado of Spaine.

Biu. Are you so Sir? Gods blessing on your heart: your name againe Sir, if it be not too tedious for you?

La. Lazarillo de Tormes in Castile, Cozen-germaine to the Spanish Adolantado.

Slub. I warrant he's a great man in his owne Country.

Biu. Has a good name; Slubber set it downe: write, Lazarus in torment at the Castle, and a cozning Germaine, at the signe of the Falantido diddle in Spaine: So Sir you are ingrost, you must giue my Officer a groate it's nothing to me Signior.

La. I will cancell when it comes to a summe.

Biu. Well Sir, well he shall giue you an item for't, make a bill and hee'll teare it he saies,

La. Molt admirable Blurt, I am a man of war and professe fighting.

Biu. I charge you in the Dukes name keep the peace.

La. By your sweet fauour most deare Blurt, you charge too fast, I am a hanger on vpon Mars, and haue a few Crownes.

Pil. Two: his owne and mine.

La. And dezier you to point out a faire lodging for mee and my Traine.

Biu. Tis my Office Signior to take men vp a nightes, but if you wil, my Maides shall take you vp a mornings, since you professe fighting; I will commit you Signior to mine ownchouse, but will you pitch and pay, or will your Worship run —

La. I scorne to run from the face of Thamur Camba.

Biu. Then Sir, you meane not to run?

La. Signior no,

Blurt Master Constable.

Bla. Beare witnes Slubber, that his answer is Signior no: So now if he runnes vpon the score, I haue him straite vpon Signior no; this is my house Signior, enter.

La. March excellent Bluri: attend Pilcher.

Exeunt.

Enter Doyt and Dandiprat.

Pil. Vpon your trencher Signior, most hungerly.

Doy. Now serra where's thy Master?

Pil. The Constable has prest him.

Doy. What for a Soldier?

Pil. I, for a Soldier; but ere he'll goe, I thinke indeede, he & I together shall presse the Constable.

Dan. No matter, squeeze him, and leauē no more liquor in him, than in a dry'd Neates tongue: Serra thin-gut, what's thy name?

Pil. My name: you chops, why I am of the bloud of the Pilchers.

Dan. Nay s'foote, if one should kill thee, hee could not bee hang'd for't, for hee would shed no bloud, ther's none in thee: Pilcher: th'art a most pittifull dryed one.

Doy. I wonder thy master does not slice thee, and swallow thee for an Anchoues.

Pil. He wants wine Boy to swallow me down, for he wants money to swallow downe wine: but farewell, I must dog my master.

Dan. As long as thou dog'st a Spaniard, thou'l nere be fatter; but stay, our halft is as great as thine, yet to endeere our selues into thy leane acquaintance cry *Riuo Hogh*, laugh and be fat, and for ioy that we are met wee'll meeete and be merry, sing:

Pil. Ile make a shift to squeake.

Doyt. And I.

Dan. And I, for my profession is to shift as well as you, hem:

Sing.

e Musick.

Doyt. What meate eates the Spaniard?

Pil. Dry'd Pilchers and poore Johns:

Dan. Alas

Blurt Master Constable.

Dan. Alas thou art almost mard.

Pil. My cheeke are faine and gone.

Doyt. Wouldst thou not leape at a peece of meate?

Pil. O how my teeth doe water, I could eate
For the heauens; my flesh is almost gone
With eating of Pilcher and poore John.

Exeunt.

Enter Fontenell from Tennis, and True-penny with him.

Fon. Am I so happy then?

True. Nay sweet Monsieur.

Fon. O boy thou hast new wing'd my captiu'd soule,
Now to my Fortune all the Fates may yeild,
For I haue won where first I lost the field.

Tru. Why sir, did my Mistris pricke you with the Spanish
needle of her loue, before I summond you (from her) to this
party?

Fon. Doubts thou that boy?

True. Of mine honestie I doubt extreamely, for I cannot
see the little Gods tokens vpon you: there is as much differ-
ence betweene you and a Louer, as betweene a Cuckolde and
a Vnicorne.

Fon. Why boy?

True. For you doe not weare a paire of ruffled, frowning, vn-
gartred Stockinges, like a Gallant that hides his small timbred
legs, with a quale-pipe boote: your hose stands vpon too ma-
ny points, and are not troubled with that falling sicknes, which
followes pale, meager, miserable, melancholy Louers: your
hands are not groping continuallie.

Fon. Wheremy little obseruer?

Tru. In your greasic pocket sir, hke one that wants a Cloake
for the raine, and yet is Hill weather-beaten: your hat nor head
are not of the true hey - ho - blocke, for it should be broad
brim'd, lymber, like the skinne of a white pudding when
the meate is out: the Facing fattye; the Fek dusty,

and

Blurt Master Constable.

and not entred into any band, but your hat is of the nature of a loose, light, heauie-swelling wench, too straite laced: I tell you Monsieur, a Louer should be all loose from the sole of the foote rising vpward; and from the Bases, or confines of the Slop, falling downewards: if you were in my Mistresses Chamber, you should finde other-gates priuy signes of loue hanging out there.

Fon. Haue your little eyes watcht so narrowlie:

Tru. Oh sir, a Page must haue a Cats eye, a Spaniels legge, a whoores tongue (a little tasting of the Cog) a Catch-poles hand, what he gripes is his owne; and a little little baudy. *Mou 45r*

Fon. Faire *Violetta* I will weare thy loue,
Like this French order, neere vnto my heart,
Via for fate, Fortune, loe this is all,
At grieves rebound Ile mount, although I fall.

Enter Camillo and Hipolito from *Tennis*, Doyt and Dandeprat
with their cloakes and Rapiers.

Cam. Now by Saint Marke he's a most trecherous villaine,
Dare the base French-mans eye gaze on my loue?

Hip. Nay sweet roague, wh. wouldst thou make his face a vizard, to haue two loope-holes onely? when he comes to a good face, may he not doe with his eyes what he will: s'foote if I were as he, I'de pull them out, and if I wist they would anger thee,

Camil. Thou ad'st heate to my rage, away, stand backe,
Dishonoured slau'e, more tretch. rous then base,
This is the instance of my scorn'd disgrace.

Fon. Thou ill aduiz'd *Ital*, an whence proceedes
This sodaine fury?

Cam. Villaine from thee.

Hip. Hercules stand betweene them.

Fon. Villaine by my bloud;
I am as free borne as your *Venice* Duke,
Villaine, Saint Dennis and my life to boote,
Thy lips shall kisse this paument or my foote.

Hip. Your

Blurt Master Constable?

Hip. Your foote with a pox? I hope y'are no Pope Sir,
his lips shall kisse my Sisters soft lippe: and thine, the tough lips
of this: nay Sir, I doe but shewe you that I haue a toole; doe
you heare Saint Dennis, but that we both stand vpon the nar-
row bridge of Honour, I should cut your throat now, for pure
love you beare to my Sister, but that I know you would set out
a throat.

Cam. Wilt thou not Stab the peasant,
That thus dishonours both thy selfe and me?

Hip. Saint Marke set his markes vpon me then: stab? Ile
haue my shinnes broken, ere Ile scratch so much as the skin off,
at the law of Armes: shall I make a French-man cry oh, before
the fall of the Leafe? not I by the Crosse of this, Dandy-
prat.

Dan. If you will Sir you shall coyne me into a shilling.

Hip. I shall lay too heauie a croate vpon thee then,

Cam. Is this a time to iest boy call my seruants.

Dou. Gentlemen to the dresser.

Enter Seruingmen.

Cam. You roague what Dresser? ceaze on Fontemell,
And lode him in a Dungeon preserue.

Font. He steps vpon his death that stirres a foote.

Cam. That shall I trie as in the field before
I made thee stoope, so heere Ile make thee bow.

Font. Thou plaidst the Soldier then, the villaine now.

Camillo and his men set vpon him, get him downe and disweapon
him, and holde him fast.

Font. Treacherous Italians.

Camil. Hale him to a Dungeon,
There if your thoughts can apprehend the forme,
Of Violett; dote on her rare feature,
Or if your proude flesh with a sparing dyet,
Can still retaine her swelling spritfulnes;
Then Court (instead of her) the croaking vermine,
That people that molt solitarie vault.

Blurt Master Constable.

Hip. But firra Camillo, wilt thou play the wise and venerable bearded Master Constable, and commit him indeede, because he would be meddling in thy Precincte and will not put off the cap of his Loue to the browne-bill of thy desires? Well, thou hast giuen the Law of Armes a broken pate alreadie, therefore if thou wilt needes turne Broker, and be a cut-throat too, doe: for my part, Ile goe get a sweet ball, and wash my handes of it.

Cam. Away with him, my life shall answeire it.

Font. To prison must I then? well, I will goe,
And with a light-wing'd spirit insult ore woe,
For in the darkeſt hell on earth, Ile finde
Her faire Idea to content my minde,
Yet Fraunce and Italy with blistered tongue,
Shall publish thy dishonor in thy wrong.
Oh now how happy wert thou, couldſt thou lodge me
Where I could leave to loue her!

Cam. By heauen I can.

Font. Thou canſt: Oh happie man!
This a kinde of new inuented law,
First feede the Axe, after produce the Saw,
Her heart no doubt will thy affections feele;
For thou'l pleade sighes in bloud, and teare's in Steele.
Boy tell my loue, her loue thus sighing spake:
Ile vaile my creſt to death, for her deere sake.

Exit.

Cam. Boy: what boy is that?

Hip. If you Sir Pandarus, the broking Knight of Troy, are
your two leggs the paire of tressels, for the French-man to get vp
vpon my Sister?

Tru. By the nine Worthies, worthy Gallants not I; I a Gen-
tleman for Conueiance? I Sir Pandarus? would Troy then were
in my breeches, and I burnt worse then poore Troy: sweet Sig-
nior you know, I know, and all Venice knowes, that my Mistris
scornes double dealing with her heelles.

Hip. With her heelles? O heer's a ſure pocket Dag, and my
Sister ſhooteth him off ſnipſnap at her pleasure. Sirra Mephisto-
philes,

Blurt Master Constable.
philes, did not you bring letters from my Sister to the Frenchman?

True. Signior no.

Cam. Did not you fetch him out of the Tennis Court?

Tru. No point per ma foy, you see I haue many tongues speake for me.

Hip. Did not he follow your cracke-slip, at a becke giuen?

True. Ita, true, certes, he spyeſ, & I ſpitting thus, went thus,

Hip. But were ſtaide thus,

Tru. You holde a my ſide, and therefore I muſt needs ſtick to you, tis true: I going, hee followed; and following, fingred me, iuft as your worship does now: but I ſtrugled and ſtrangled, and wrigled and wrangled, and at laſt cryed Vale valete, as I doe now, with this fragment of a rime:

My Lady is groſſly falne in loue, and yet her waste is ſlender,
Had I not ſlipt away, you wold haue made my buttocks ſteder.

Exit.

Dan. Shall Doyt & I play the Bloud-hounds & aftēt him?

Cam. No, let him run.

Hip. Not for this wager of my Sisters loue, run; away Dandiprāt, catch True-penny, & hold him, thy ſelfe ſhal paſſe more currant.

Da. If ye Sir, your Dandiprāt is as light as a clipt angel. Exit

Hip. Nay Gods lid after him Camillo, reply not but away.

Cam. Content, you know where to meeete: Exit.

Hip. For I know that the onclie way to win a wench, is not to woher: the onclie way to haue her fall, is to haue her doole: the onclie way to triumph ouer her, is to make her fall; and the way to make her fall, ~~is to~~ and to ~~is to~~ and to

Doyt. Is to throw her downe.

Hip. Are you ſo cunning Sir? and to

Da. O Lord Sir, and haue ſo perfid a Maſter. and to

Hip. Well Sir, you know the Gentlewoman that dwells in the midſt of Saint Markeſtreece, and I ſhall boornt and to

Doyt. Midſt of Saint Markeſtreece Sir? and to

Hip. A pox on you, the ſlea-bitten fac'd Lattie! and to

Blurt Master Constable.

Dout. Oh Sir, the freckle cheeke Madona, I know her Signior,
as well —

Hip. Not as I doe, I hope Sir.

Dout. No Sir I de be loath to haue such inward acquaintance
with her as you haue.

Hip. Well sir slip goe presently to her, and from me deliuere
to her owne white hands, *Fontinels* picture.

Dout. Indeed Sir she loues to haue her chamber hung with
the pictures of men.

Hip. She does, le keepe my sisters eyes and his painted face
a sunder; tell her besides, the Maske holies and this the night, &
nine the houre; ay we are all for her away.

Dout. And shee's for you all, were you an Arme. *Exiunt.*

Enter Imper a the Curtizan, two maides Truia and
Simperina, with perfumes.

Imp. Fye, fie, fie, fie, by the light oath of my Fanne, the wea-
ther is exceeding tedious and faint: *Truia, Simperina,* stir, stir,
stir, one of you open the Case-ments, t'other take a ventoy and
gentlie coole my face: fy, I ha such an exceeding hye culler, I
so sweat; *Simperina,* dost heare? prethee be more compendious:
why *Simperina!*

Sim. Heere Madame.

Imp. Presse downe my ruffe before; away, fie, howe thou
blowst vpon me, thy breath gods me) thy breath, fie, fie, fie, fie,
it takes off all the painting and culler from my cheeke: In good
faith I care not if I goe and be sicke presentlie; hey ho, my head
so akes with carrying this Bodkin: in troth Ile try if I can bee
sicke.

Tru. Na good sweet Ladie.

Sim. You know a companie of Gallantes will be heere at
night, be not out of temper sweet mistris.

Imp. In good troth if I bee not sicke I must be melancholye
then: his same gowne never comes on but I am so melancholie,
& so hast-burne: tis a strange garment, I warrant *Simperina* the
foolish

Blurt Master Constable.

Foolish Tar for that made it, wastroubled with the stetch, when he compos'd it.

Sir. I hat's very likeli Madame, but it makes you haue oh a most in-conie bodie.

me. No, no no by Saint Marke the waste is not long en-ough, (for I loue a long & tedious waste, besides, I haue a most vngodlie middle in it; and fie, fie, fie, fie, it makes mee bend i'th backe : oh let me haue some Musicke.

Musicke.

Sir. That's not the fault in your gowne Madame, but of your baudie.

Imp. Fa la la fa la la, indeede the bending of the backe is the fault of the bodie la,la,la,la;fa la la,fa la la,la la lah.

Tru. O rich!

Sir. O rare !

Imp. No, no, no no, no : tis slight and common all that I do, prethee S imperina doe not Ingle me; doe not flatter me Truia, I ha never a cast gowne till the next weeke. fa la la, la la la,fa la la,fa la la &c. This stirring too and fro has done me much good; a song I prethee, I loue these French mo-sungs; oh they are so cleane if you tread them true, you shal hit them to a hairesing, sing, sing some odde and fantasticall thing, for I cannot abide these dull and lumpish tunes, the Musition stands longer a prick-ing them then I would doe to heare them: no, no no gwernee your light ones that goe nimbly and quicke, and are full of chan-ges and carrie sweet devision; ho prethee sing, Nay, stay, stay, heer's Hispolito's Sonnet, first read it and then sing it,

Reader.

Song.

- 1 In a faire woman what thing is best?
- 2 I thinke a currall l.p.
- 1 No no you rest,
She has a better thing.
- 2 Then tis a pretty eye.
- 1 Yet tis a better thing,
Which more delight doth bring.
- 2 Then tis a cherry cheeke.

Blurt Master Constable.

No, no, you lye.
Were neither lip, nor cheeke currall, nor cherry eyes,
Were not her swelling brest stukke with strawberries,
Nor had smoth hand, soft skinne, white necke, pure eye,
Tis she at this alone your loue can tye.
It is, O tis the onely toy to men,
The onely praise to women; what ist then?
This it is, O this it is, and in a womans middle it is plaste,
In a most beauteous body, a hart most chaste:
This is the Iewell Kings may buy,
If women sell this Iewell, women lye. ob:

One knockes within, Frisco answers within.

Fris. Who the pox knockes?
Doy. One that wil knocke thy coxcombe if he doe not enter.
Fris. If thou dost not enter, how canst thou knocke me?
Doy. Why then Ile knocke thee when I doe enter.
Fris. Why then thou shalt not enter, but instead of me knock
thy heeles.

Doyt. Frisco I am Doyt Hypollitoes Page:
Fris. And I am Friser, Squire to a bawdy house.
Doyt. I haue a Iewell to deliuier to thy Mistris.
Fris. Ist set with pretious stones?
Doyt. Thicke, thick, thicke.

Enter Doyt with the picture, and Frisco.
Fris. Why enter then thicke, thicke, thicke.
Imp. Eye, fie, fie, fie, who makes that yawling at doore?
Fry. Heer's Signor Hipolitoes man(that shal be) come to hang
you.

Imp. Trinia, strip that villaine; Simperina pinch him, slit his wide
nose; fie, fie, fie, Ile haue you gelded for this lustines.
Fris. And she threatens to geld me vntesse I bee lustie; what
shall poore Frisco doe?

Imp. Hang me.

Fris. No.

Blurt Master Constable.

Fris. Not I, hang mee if you will, and set vp my quarters
too.

Imp. Hypolitoes boy come to hang me?

Doy. to hang you with Jewels, sweet and gentle; that's Fris-
coes meaning, and that's my comming.

Imp. Keepe the doore.

Fris. That's my Office indeede, I haue bin your doore-keep-
er so long, that al the hindges, the spring-lockes and the ring, are
worne to peeces; how if any body knocke at the doore?

Imp. Let them enter, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, his great tongue does
so runne through my little eares; tis more harsh then a yonger-
bothers courting of a Gentlewoman, when he has no crownes,
Boy:

Doyt. At your seruice.

Imp. My seruice? alas alas, thou canst doe me small seruice,
did thy Master send this painted Iyntleman to me?

Doyt. This painted Iyntleman to you.

Imp. Well, I will hang his picture vp by the walles, till I see
his face, and when I see his face, I'll take his picture downe: hold
it Triuiz.

Triu. It's most sweetly made.

Imp. Hang him vp Simperma.

Simp. It's a most sweet man.

Imp. And does the Maske holde? let me see it againe.

Doyt. If their vizards holde, heere you shal see all their blind
cheekes; this is the night, nine the houre, and I the lacke that
giues warning.

Simp. He giues warning Mistris, shall I set him out?

Doyt. You shall not neede, I can set out my selfe. *Exit.*

Imp. Flaxen haire, & short too, oh that's the French Cu!
but fy, fy, fy, this Flaxen hayr'd men are such pu-lers, and
such pidlers, and such Chicken-heartes (and yet great
quarrellers) that when they Court a Ladie, they are for
the better part bound to the peace: no, no, no, no,
your blacke hayred man (so hee bee fayre) is your onely
sweet man, & in any seruice, the most actiu: a banquet Triuia;
quicke,

Blurt Master Constable.

quicke, quicke, quicke.

Tru. In a twinckling; s'lid my Mistris cries like the rod-woman: quicke quick, quick, buy any Rosemary and Bayes! *Exit.*

Imp. A little face, but a louely face; fy^e, fy^e, fy^e, no matter what face he make, so the other parts be Legittimate, and goe vpright: stir, stir *Simperina*, be doing, be doing, quickly; moouc, moouc, moouc.

Sim. Most incontinently, moouc, moouc, moouc: ô sweete!

Exit.

Imp. Hey ho, as I live I must loue thee, and sucke kisses from thy lips; alacke that women should fall thus deeplie in loue, with dumbethings, that haue no feeling? but they are womens crosses, and the only way to take them is to take them patiently; hey ho! set Musick Frisco.

Enter Frisco, Truia and Simperina.

Fris. Musicke, if thou hast not a hard heart, speake to my Mistris.

Imp. Say he scorne to marry mee, yethee shall stand mee in some heede by being my *Ganimede*: if he be the most decayed Gallant in all *Venice*, I will my selfe vndoe my selfe, and my whole state to set him vp againe: though speaking truth would sau^e my life, I will ly^e to doe him pleasure: yet to tell lies may hurt the soule: fy^e no no, no, soules are things to be trodden vnder our feete, when we daunce after loues Pipe; therefore heere hang this counterfeit at my beds feete.

Fris. If he bec ouerfeit, nayle him vp vpon one of your poastes.

Imp. By the moyst hand of loue I sweare, I will be his Lotte-sie, and he shall never draw, but it shall be a prize.

Curueto knocke within.

Frisco. Who knockes?

Curn. Wh^t tis I knaue.

Frisco. Then knaue knocke there still.

Curn. Wut open doore?

Fris. Yes

Blurt Master Constable

Fris. Yes when I list I will.

Cur. Heer's money.

Fris. Much:

Cur. Heer's golde:

Fris. Away:

Cur. Knaue open.

Fris. Call to our maides, God night, we are all a slopen:

Mistris, if you haue euer a Pinnace to set out, you may now haue it man'd and ryg'd; for *Signior Curuetto*, he that cryes, I am an old Courtier, but lye close, lye close, when our Maides sweare hee lyes as wide as any Courtier in *Italy*.

Imp. Doe we care how he lyes?

Knocking.

Fris. Anon, anon, anon, this old hoarie red Deare, serues himselfe in at your key-hole.

Cur. What Frisco?

Fris. Harke, shall he enter the breach?

Sim. Eye, fie, fie, I wonder what this Gurnets head makes heere: yet bring him in, he will serue for picking meate; let Muscicke play, for I will feyne my selfe to be a sleepe.

Enter Curuetto.

Cur. Three pence, and heere's a teston, yet take all, Comming to Jumpe, we must be prodigall: Hem, I am an olde Courtier, and I can lye close; Put vp Frisco, put vp, put vp, put vp.

Fris. Anything at your hands sir, I will put vp, because you sildome pull out any thing.

Sim. Softlie sweet *Signior Curuetto*, for shee's fast.

Cur. Ha, fast? my Roba fast? and but young night: Shee's wearied, wearied, ah ha, hit I right:

Sim. How sir, wearied? marie foh.

Fris. Wearied Sir? mary mussie.

Cur. No words, heere mouse, no words, no words sweet rose, I am an hoarie Courtier, & lye close, lye close, hem:

Fris. An olde hoarie Courtier? why so has a Iowle of Ling, and a mustie Whiting bin (time out of minde) me thinkes *Signior*, you should not be so olde by your face:

D

Cur. I

Bart Master Constable.

Cur. I haue a godd heart knaue; and a good heart
Is a good face-maker, I am young, quicke, briske,
I was a Reueller in a long stocke;
(There's not a gallant now filles such a stocke)
Plumpe hose, pain'd, stuft with haire(haire then was hold
The lightest stuffing) a faire Cod-pece: hoh,
An Eele-skin sleeue, lasht heere and there with lace,
Hye coller, lasht agen:breeche lasht also:
A little sumpring ruffe, a dapper Cloake,
With Spanish button'd Cape: my Rapier heere,
Gloues like a Burgomaster heere; hat heere,
(Stucke with some ten-groate brooch:) and ouer al,
A goodlie, long thicke, Abram-colour'd beard;
Ho God, Ho God, thus did I Reuell it.

When *Monsieur Mor* lay heere Embassador.
But now those beards are gone, our Chinnes are bare;
Our Corters now doe all against the haire.
I can lye close and see this, but not see,
I am hoarie, but not hoarie as some be.

Imp. Hey ho; who's that: *Signior Curuetto*: by my virginity---

Cur. Hem, no more,
Sweare not so deepe at this years, men haue eyes,
And though the most are fooles, some fooles are wise.

Imp. Fie, fie, fie, and you meete mee thus at halfe weapon,
One must downe.

Fris. She for my life.

Imp. Some bodie shall pay for't.

Fris. He for my head.

Imp. Doe not therefore come ouer me so with crosse blows,
no, no, no. I shall be sick, if my speech be stopt: by my Virginitic I sweare: and why may not I sweare by that I haue not, as well as poore mustie Soldiers doe by their honour: Brides, at foure & twentie: ha, ha, ha, by their Maiden-heads: Cittizens, by their faith, and Brokers as they hope to be saued: by my Virginitic I sweare, I dream'd that one brought me a goodlie Codshead, and in one of the eyes, there stucke (mee thought)

the

Bhirt Master Constable.

the greatest pretious stonē, the most sparkling Diamond: oh fie,
fie, fie, fie, fie, that Diamonds should make women such fooles.

Cur. A Codshead and a Diamond, ha, ha, ha,
Tis common, common, you may dreame as well
Of Diamonds and of Codsheads, where's not one,
As swere by your Virginitie where's none.
I am that Codshead, she has spide my stone,
My Diamond: noble wench, but nobler no see; *Pnts it up.*
I am an olde Courtier, and lye close, lye close.

The Cornets sound a Lauolto which the eMaskers are to daunce,

Camillo, Hippolito, and other Gallants, euerie one sauc

*Hippolito, with a Ladie Mask, Zanies with
Coaches enter sodainly: Curuetto
offers to depart.*

Imp. No, no, no, if you shrinke from me I will not loue you :
stay.

Cur. I am coniur'd, and will keepe my circle.

They daunce.

Imp. Fie, fie, fie, by the neate tung of eloquence, this measure
is out of measure, tis too hot, too hot, gallants bee not ashamed
to shew your owne faces: Ladies vnapparell your deare beau-
ties: So, so, so, heere is a banquet; sit, sit, sit *Signior Curuetto*,
thrust in among them, soft Musick there, doe, doe, doe.

Cur. I will first salute the men, close with the women, and
last sit.

Hip. But not sit last: a banquet? and haue these Suckets
heere: oh I haue a crue of Angels prisoners in my pocket, and
none but a good bale of dice can fetch them out: Dice ho,
come my little letcherous Babone, by Saint Marke, you shall
venture your twentie crownes.

Cur. And haue but one, and will be a good man to him.

Hip. I swore first.

Cur. Right, you swore,
But oathes are now like Bluntour Constable,

Blurt Master Constable.

X

Standing for nothing, a meere plot, a tricke,
The Maske dog'd me, I hit it in the nicke;
A fetch to get my Diamond, my deare stone,
I am a hoarie Courtier, but lye close, close, close;
Ile play Sir.

Hip. Come.

Cur. But in my to'ther hose.

Exit.

Ormes. Curucito?

Hip. Let him goe, I knew what hooke would choake him,
and therfore baited that for him to nibble vpon : an old coimbe-
peckt rascall, that was beaten out a'th Cocke-pit, when I could
not stand a hyc-lone without I held by a thing , to come crow-
ing among vs : hang him lobster; come, the same oath that your
Fore-man tooke, take all, and Sing.

Song.

Loue is like a Lambe, and Loue is like a Lyon;
Fly from Loue, he fighes, fight, then does be fly o're.
Loue is all in fire, and yet is euer freezing,
Loue is much in winning, yet is more in leezing.
Loue is euer sicke, and yet is neuer dying,
Loue is euer true, and yet is euer lying.
Loue does dote in liking, and is mad in loathing,
Loue indeede is any shing, yet indeed is nothing.

Laz. Mars armipotent with his Court-of-guard, giue sharp-
nes to my Toledo , I am beleager'd , ô Cupid graunt that my
blushing prooue not a Linstocke, and giue fire too sodainlie to
the roaring Meg of my desires ; most Sanguine cheekt La-
dyes.

Hip. S'foote how now Don Dego ; Sanguine cheekt? doft
thinke their faces haue been at Cutlers ? out you roring-tawny-
fac'd rascall , t'were a good deede to beate my blytes about's
coxcombe, and then make him Sanguine cheekt too.

Cam. Nay good Hipolito.

Imp. Fye,fie,fie,fie,fie , tho I hate his companie, I wod not
haue my house to abuse his countenance: no,no,no,bee not so
Contagious,

Blurt Master Constable.

Contagious, I will send him hence with a flea in'seare,

Hip. Doe, or Ile turne him into a flea, and make him skip vnder some of your petticoates.

Imp. Signior Lazarillo:

Laz. Most sweet face you neede not hang out your silken tongue as a Flag of truce: for I will drop at your feete, ere I draw bloud in your Chamber; yet I shall hardly drinke vp this wrong, for your sake I will wipe it out for this time: I would deale with you in secret (so you had a voide roome) about most deepe and serious matters.

Imp. He send these hence; fie, fie, fie, I am so choakt full with this man of Ginger-bread, and yet I can never be rid of him, but harke Hapolito.

Hip. Good draw the Curtaines, put out Candles, and girles to bed.

Laz. Venus, giue me sucke, from thine owne most white and tender dugs, that I may batten in loue: deere instrument of manie mens delight, are all these women?

Imp. No no, no, they are halfe men and halfe women,

Laz. You apprehend too fast, I meane by women, wiues: for wiues are no maides, nor are maides women: If those vnbearded Gallants keepe the doores of their Wedlocke, those Ladies spend their houres of pastime but ill, (ô most rich armefull of beautie) but if you can bring all those Females into one ring, into one priuate place: I wil read a Lecture of discipline, to their most great and honourable cares; wherein I will teach them, so to carrie their white bodies, eyther before their husbands or before their Louers, that they shall never feare to haue milke throwne in their faces; nor I, wine in mine, when I come to sit vpon them in curtesie.

Imp. That were excellent, Ile haue them all heere at your pleasure.

Laz. I will shew them all the trickes and garbes of Spanish Dames, I will studye for apt and legant phrase to tickle them with; and when my deuise is readie I will come: will you inspire into your most diuine spirits, the most diuine soule of Tobacco?

Blurt Master Constable.

Im. No, no, no; fy, fy, fie, I should be choak't vp if your pipe
should kisse my vnder-lip.

Lz. Hence foorth, most deepe stampe of Feminine perfecti-
on, my Pype shall not bee drawne before you, but in se-
cret.

Enter Hippolito and therest of the Maskers, as before dauncing:

Hippolito takes Imperia, Exeunt.

Laz. Lament my case since thou canst not prouoke,
Her nose to sinell, loue fill thine owne with smoake. Exit.

Enter Hippolito and Frisco.

Fris. The wodden picture you sent her hath set her on fire;
and shee desires you as you pitty'e the case of a poore des-
perate Gentlewoman, to serue that Monsieur in at Supper
to her.

Enter Camillo.

Hip. The Frenchman, Saint Dennis, let her carue him vp:
Stay, heer's Camillo; now my foole in fashion, my sage Ideot,
vp with this brimnes, downe with this deuill (Melancho-
lie) are you decayed concupiscentious Inamorato? newes, news,
Imperia dotes on Fontinell.

Cam. What comfort speakes her loue to my sicke heart?

Hip. Mary this Sir; heere's a Yellow-hammer flew to me
with thy water, and I cast it, and finde, that his Mistris be-
ing giuen to this newe falling-sicknesse, will cure thee: the
Frenchman you see has a soft Merinaladie heart, and shall
no sooner feele Imperiaes liquerish desire to licke at him, but
straight hee'll sticke the brooch of her longing in it: then Sir,
may you sir, come vpon my Sister sir, with a fresh charge Sir;
Sa, sa, sa, sa, once giuing backe, and thrice comming forward, she
yeeld and the towne of Brest is taken.

Cam. This hath some taste of hope, is that the Mercury
Who brings you notice of his Mistris loue?

Erys. I may be her Mercury, for my running of errands; but
troth

Blurt Master Constable.

troth is Sir, I am Cerberus, for I am portet to hell.

Cam. Then Cerberus play thy part, heere, search that hell,
There finde, & bring foorth that false Fontinell, *Exit Frisco.*
If I can win his stray'd thoughts to retyre,
From her encountered eyes, whome I haue singled
In Hymens holy Battaille: he shall passe
From hence to Fraunce, in companie and guard
Of mine owne heart: he comes Hipolito.

Enter Fontinell talking with Frisco.

Still lookes he like a Louer, poore Gentleman;
Loue is the mindes strong phisicke, and the pill,
That leaues the heart sicke, and ore-turnes the will.

Fonr. O happy persecution I embrace thee,
With an vnsettled soule; so sweet a thing:
Is it to sigh vpon the rackinge of loue,
Where each calamitie is groning: witnes
Of the poore Martirs faith: I neuer heard
Of any true affection, but t'was nipt
With care; that like the Catter-piller) eates
The leaues off the springs sweetest booke, (the Rose)
,, Loue bred on earth, is often nourc'd in hell,
,, By roate it reades woe, ere it learne to spell.

Cam. God morrow French Lord.

Hip. Bone ioure Monsieur.

Font. To your secure and more then happie selfe,
I tender thankes, for you haue honour'd me;
You are my Iaylor, and haue pend me vp,
Least the poore flye(your prisoner) should alight
Vpon your Mistris lip; and thence deriuie,
The dimpled print of an infectiue touch.
Thou secure tyrant, (yet vnhappie louer)
Couldst thou chaine Mountaines to my captiue feete,
Yet Violettaes heart and mine should meeete.

Hip. Hark swaggerer, there's a little dapple-colour'd rascal: ho

Blurt 'Master Constable.'

a Bona Roba; her name's *Imperia*, a Gentlewoman by my faith of
an auntient house, and has goodlie rents, and comminges in of
her owne, and this Ape would faine haue thee chayn'd to her in
the holie state: Sirra, shee's falne in loue with thy picture, yes
faith too her, woe her, and win her: leauue my Sister, & thy ran-
some's paide; all's paide Gentlemen; bi'th Lord *Imperia* is as
good a girle as any is in *Venice*.

Cam. Vpon mine honour *Fontinell*, tis true,
The Ladie dotes on thy perfections,
Therefore resigne my *Violettae* heart,
To me the Lord of it: and I will send thee —

Fon. O whether, to damnation? wilt thou not?
Think'lt thou the puritie of my true soule
Can taste your lepperous counsell? no, I defye you,
Incestancie dwel on his riueler brow,
That weddes for durt; or on thin-forced heart,
That lags in Rereward of his Fathers charge,
Whento some negro-gelderling hee's clog'd,
By the Injunction of a golden fee:
When I call backe my vowes to *Violetta*,
May I then slip into an obscure graue,
Whose mould(vnprest with stonic monument)
Dwelling in open ayre, may drinke the teares
Of the inconstant cloudes to rot me soone,
Out of my priuate linnen Sepulcher.

Cam. I, is this your settled resolution?

Font. By my loues best diuinitie it is.

Cam. Then beare him to his prison backe againe,
This tune must alter ere thy lodging mend,
To death fond French-man, thy slight loue doth tend.

Fon. Then constant heart, thy fate with ioy pursue,
Draw wonder to thy death expiring true.

Exit.

Hip. After him *Frisco*, inforce thy Mistresses passion, thou
shalt haue access to him, to bring him loue-tokens: if they
preuaile not, yet thou shalt still be in presence, bee't but to spite
him: In honest *Frisco*.

Fris. Ille

Blurt Master Constable:

Fris. Ile vex him to the heart Sir, feare not me,
Yet heer's a tricke perchance may set him free.

Exit.

Hsp. Come, wilt thou goelaugh, and lye downe, nowe sure
there be some rebels in thy bellie, for thine eyes doe nothing
but watch and ward, tho' art not slept these three nights.

Cam. Alashow can I? he that truely loues
Burnes out the day in idle fantasies,
And when the Lambe bleating, doth bid Godnight
Vnto the closing day; then teares begin
To keep quicke time, vnto the Owle, whose voice
Shreikes, like the Bell-man in the Louers eares :
Loues eye the iewell of sleepe, oh sildome weares!
The earlie Larke is wakened from her bed,
Being onelie by Loues plaintes disquieted,
And singing in the mornings eare, she weepes
(Being deepe in loue) at louers broken sleepes:
But say a golden slumber chaunce to tyc,
With silken strings the couer of loues eye :
Then dreames (Magitian-like) mocking present
Pleasures, whose fading, leaues more discontent.
Haue you these golden charmes?

Enter Musitions.

Omnes. We haue my Lord.

Cam. Beslow them sweetlie; thinke a Louers heart
Dwels in each instrument and let it melt
In weeping straines: yonder direct your faces,
I hat the soft summonson of a frightles parley,
May creepe into the Casement: So, begin;
Musick speake moouinglye, assume my part,
For thou must now plead to a stonic heart,

Song.

Pittie, pitty, pitty,
Pitty, pittie, pitty,
That word begins that endes a true-loue Ditty,

E

Tour

Blurt Master Constable.

Yours blessed eyes (like a paire of Sunnes,)
Shine in the sphere of smiling,
Your prettie lips (like a paire of Dousies)
Are kisses still com-piling.
Mercy hangs upon your brow, like a precious Jewell,
O let not then,
(Most louely maide, best to be loued of men.)
Marble, lye upon your heart, that will make you cruell
Pitty, pitty, pitty,
Pitty, pitty, pitty:
That word begins that ends a true-loue ditty.

Violetta aboue.

Viol. Who owes this salutation?

Cam. Thy Camillo.

Viol. Is not your shaddow there too, my sweet bother?

Hip. Heere sweet Sister.

Viol. I dreamt so: ô I am much bound to you,

For you my Lord haue vs'd my loue with honour.

Cam. Euer with honour.

Viol. Indeede, indeede you haue.

Hip. S'light, she meanes her French garsoon.

Viol. The same, good night, trust me tis somewhat late,

And this bleake winde nippes dead all idle prate.

I must to bed, good night.

Cam. The God of rest,

Play musicke to thine eyes, whilst on my brest

The furies sit and beate, and keepe care waking.

Hip. You will not leauue my friend in this poore taking:

Viol. Yes by the velvet brow of darknes.

Hip. You scuruey Tyt: s'foote, scuruey anything,

Doe you heare Susanna: you, puncke, if I geld not your Muske+

Cat; Ile doo't by Iesu; lets goe Camillo.

Viol. Nay but pure swaggerer, ruffin; doe you think

To fright me with your bug-beare thretes? goe by;

Harke tosse-pot in your eare, the French-man's mine,

And by these hands Ile haue him.

Hip. Rare

Blurt Master Constable.

Hip. Rareroage! fine!

Viol. He is my prisoner, (by a deede of gift)
Therefore *Camillo* you haue wrong'd me much,
To wrong my prisoner : by my troth I loue him,
The rather for the basenes he endures,
For my vnworthie selfe: Ile tell you what;
Release him, let him pleade your loue for you;
I loue a life to heare a man speake French,
Of his complection : I would vnder-goe
The instruction of that language rather far,
Than be two weekes vnmaried (by my life)
Because Ile speake true French, Ile be his wife.

Cam. O scorne to my chaste loue, burst heart.

Hip. Swounds holde.

Cam. Come (gentle friends) tye your most solemne tunes,
By siluer strings vnto a leaden pace;
False faire, inioy thy base-belou'd: adew,
Hee's farre lesse noble, and shall prooue lesse true. *Exeunt.*

Enter True-penny aboue with a letter.

True. Lady Imperia (the Curtezans *Zani*) hath brought you
this letter from the poore Gentleman in the deep dungeon, but
would not stay till he had an answere.

Viol. Her groome imployed by *Fontinell?* O strange!

I wonder how he got accesoisse to him:

Ile read, and (reading) my poore heart shall shake,

„ True-loue is icalous, feares the best loue shake.

Meete me at the end of the olde Chappell, next Saint Lorenzos
Monestarie, furnish your companie with a Frier, that there he
may consummate our holie volves, vntill midnight: farewell.

Thine Fontinell,

Hath he got opertunitie to scape?
O happie period of our seperation,
Blest night, wrap *Cinthia* in a sable sheete:
That fearefull louers may securelie meete.

Exeunt.

Enter

B'urt Master Constable.

*Enter Frisco in Fontinels apparell, Fontinell making himselfe ready
in Friscoes: they enter sodainly and in feare.*

Fris. Play you my part brauelie; you must looke like a slauie,
and you shal see, Ile counterfeit the Frenchman most knauishl.;
my Misbris (for your sake) charg'd mee on her blessing to fall to
these shiftes; I left her at Cardes, shee'll sit vp till you come, be-
cause shee'll haue you play a game at Noddie; you'll to her pre-
sentlie:

Font. I will vpon mine honour.

Fris. I thinke she does not greatlie care whether you fall to
her vpon your honour, or no: So, all's fit, tel my Ladie that I goe
in a suite of Durance for her sake; that's your way, and this Pit-
hole's mine; if I can scape hence, why so; if not, hee that's hang'd.
is neerer to heauen by halfe a score steps, then hee that dyes in a
bed, and so adue Non sieur.

Exe.

Fon. Farewell deere trustie slauie; shall I prophane
This Temple with an Idle of strange loue?
When I doe so, let me dissolve in fire;
Yet one day will I see this Dame, whose heart
Talkes off my miserie, Ile not be so rude,
To pay her kindnes with ingratitude.

Enter Violetta and a Frier apace.

Viol. My dearest Fontinell.

Font. My Violetta, oh God!

Viol. Oh God!

Font. Where is this reuerend Frier?

Frier. Heere, ouer ioy'd, young man.

Viol. How didst thou scape?

How came Imperiaes man?

Font. No more of that.

Viol. When did Imperia?

Font. Questions now are theeues,

And

Blurt Master Constable

And Iyes in Ambush to surprize our ioyes,
My most happie starres shine still,shine on,
Away,come,loue beset,had neede be gone.

Exit.

Enter Curuetta and Simperina.

Cur. I must not stay thou sayst:

Sim. Gods me,away.

Cur. Busse,busse,agen;heere's sixepence; busse agen,
Farewell,I must not stay then,

Sim. Foh.

Cur. Farewell;

At ten a clocke thou saist, and ring a Bell
Which thou wilt hang out at this window.

Sim. Lord ! shee'll heare this fidling.

Cur. No,close on my word:

Farewell iuit ten a clocke,I shall come in ,
Remember to let downe the Corde,iuit ten
Thou'l open mouse?pray God thou doft,Amen,Amen,Amen,
I am an olde Courtier wench but I can spye

A young Ducke:cloe mum; ten; close,tis not I. *Exit Curuetta.*

Sim. Mistris,sweet Ladies,

Enter Imperia and Ladies,with rable booke.

Imp. Is his olde rotten *Aqua-vite* bottle stoptvp ? is hee
gone? fie,fie,fie,fie,he so s.nels of Ale and Onions, and Rosa-so-
lis,fie ; bolt the doore,stop the key-hole least his breath peepe
in,burne some Perfume : I doe not loue to handle these dry'd
Stocke-fishes that aske so much tawing,fie,fie,fie.

1 Lady. Nor I,trut me Ladie,fih!

2m. No,no no no,stooles and cushions,loue stooles,loue
stooles,sit,sit,sit,round Ladies round; So,so,so,so let ,our sweet
beaut es be spred to the full and most moouing aduantage , for
we are faine into his hands, who they say, has an A B C, for the
sticking in of the leaft white pin in any part of the body.

2 Lady. Madame *Imperia*,what stiffe is he like to draw out

Blurt Master Constable.

before vs?

Imp. Nay,nay,nay,tis Greeke to mee, tis Greeke to mee,
I neuer had remnant of his Spanish leather learning: heere he
comes, your eares may nowe fit themselues out of the whole
peece.

Enter Lazarino.

Laz. I doe first deliuier to your most Skreete, & long-fingred
hands, this head(or top of all the members) bare and vncomb'd,
to shew how deeply I stand in reuerence of your naked Female
beauties. Bright and vnclipt Angels, if I were to make a discou-
rie of any new-found land (as *Virginia* or so) to Ladies & Cour-
tiers, my speech should hoist vp Sailes, fit to beare vp such lof tie
and well rigged vessels: but because I am to deale onelie with
the ciuell Chittie Matron; I will not lay vpon your blushing and
delicate cheeke, any other colours, than such as will giue luster
to your chittie faces, in & to that purpose, our *Th:sis* is taken out
of that most plentifull, but most pretious booke: Intituled, the
Oeconomicall Cornacopia.

1 Lady. The what?

Laz. The *Oeconomicall Cornuconia*; thus,
Wise is that wife, who (with apt Wit) complaines,
That shee's kept under, yet rules all the raines.

2 Lady. Oh againe sweet Signir? Complaines?
That shee's kept under? what follows?

Laz. Yet rules all the raines:

Wise is that wife, who (with apt Wit) complaines,
That shee's kept under, yet rules all theraines.

Mo't pure and refined plants of nature, I will not(as this *Dif-*
zination inticeth) take vp the parts as they lye heere in order: As
first, to touch your wisedome, it were follie: next, your complain-
ing, tis too common: thirdly, your keeping under, tis aboue my
capachitie: and lastly, the raines in your owne hands, that is the
A-per-se of all, the verie creame of all, and therefore how to
skim off that onely, onely listen: a wife wise, no matter: apt
wit; no matter: complaining, no matter: kept vnder, no great
matter: but to rule the roast, is the matter.

3 Lady. That ruling of the roast goes wth me.

4 Lady. And

Blurt Master Constable.

4 Lady. And me.

5 Lady. And me, Ile haue a cut of that roast.

Laz. Since then, a womans onely desire is to haue the raines
in herowne white hand; your chiefe practise (the very same day
that you are wiued) must be to get hold of these raines, & being
fully gotten, or wound about; yet to complaine (with apt wit) as tho
you had them not.

Imp. How shall we know Signior, when we haue them all or
not?

Laz. I will furnish your capable vnderstandings, out of my
poore Spanish store, with the chiefe implements, and their ap-
purtenances: Obserue, It shall be your first and finest praise, to
sing the note of euery new fashion, at first sight; and (if you can)
to stretch that note aboue Esla.

Omnis. Good.

Laz. The more you pinch your Seruantes bellies for this;
the smoother will the fashion sit on your backe: But if your
good man, like not this Musicke, (as being too full of Crochets)
your onely way is, to learne to play vpon the Virginals, and
so naile his eares to your sweete humours: if this bee out of
time too, yet your labour will quit the cost; for by this
meanes your secret friend may haue free and open accesoisse to
you, vnder the culour of pricking you lessons: Now, be-
cause you may tye your husbands loue in most sweet knots,
you shall neuer glorie ouerlabouring, till out of his purse you haue
digged a garden: and that garden must stand a prettie distance
from the Chittie; for by repairing thether, much goodfruite may
be grafted.

1 Lady. Marke that.

Laz. Then (in the after noone) when you addresse your
sweet perfum'd body, to walke to this garden, there to gather
a nose-gay, sops-in-wine, cowslips, columbines, hearts-ease, &c.
The first principle to learne is, that you sticke blacke patches
for the rewme on your delicate blew Temples, tho there bee no
roome for the rewme; black patches are comely in molt wome,
& being wel fastened, draw mens eyes to shooote glances at you:

Next,

Blurt Master Constable:

Next, your ruffe must stand in print, and for that purpose, gette poking sticks with faire and long handles, least they scorch your lilly sweating handes: then your Hat with a little brim (if you haue a little face) if otherwise, otherwise. Besides, you must play the wag with your wanton Fan; haue your Dog (call'd Pearle or Min, or why aske you? or any other prettie name) daunce along by you: your Imbrodered Muffe before you, on your rauishing hands; but take heede who thrusteth his fingers into your Furre.

2 Lady. We'll watch for that.

Laz. Once a quarter take state vpon you, and be chicke; being chicke, (thus politickly) lye at your garden; your lip-sworne seruant may there visit you as a Phisition: where otherwise, (if you languish at home) be sure your husband will looke to your water: This chicknes may be increa't, with giuing out that you breed yongbones; and to sticke flesh vpon those bones, it shall not bee amisse, if you long for Pescods, atten groates the Cod; and for Cherries at a crowne the Cherie.

1 Lady. O deare Tutor!

2 Lady. Interrupt him not.

Laz. If while this pleasing fit of chicknes holde you, you be invited foorth to supper, whimper and seeme vnwilling to goe; but if your good man (bestowing the sweet ducke, & kisse vpon your moyt lvp) intreate, goe: marie my counsell is, you eate little at Table, because it may bee said of you, you are no cormorant; yet at your comming home you may counterfeit a qualme, & so deuour a posset: your husband need not haue his nose in that posset: no, trust your Chamber-maide onlie in this; and scarcely her, for you cannot be too carefull into whose hands you commit your secrets.

Omnnes. That's certaine.

Laz. If you haue Daughters capable, marrie them by no meanes to Chiitizens, but choose for them some snooth chin-ned curld-headed Gentleman; for Gentlemen will lift vp your daughters to their owne content: and to make these curl d-pated Gallants come off the more roundlie, make your husband goe to the Herald for Armes; and let it be your daylie care, that

he

Blurt Master Constable;

hee haue a faire and comely Crest ; yea , goe all the waies your selues you can to be made Ladies, especiallie if (without daunger to his person, or for loue or money) you can procure your husband to be dubbed : The Goddesse of memorie locke vp these Jewels which I haue bestowed vpon you, in your sweet braines: let these be the rules to square out your life by, tho you nere goe leuill, but tread you shooes awry : If you can get these raines into your Lillie hand you shall need no Coaches, but may driue your husbands: put it downe and according to that wise saying of you, be Saints in the Church, Angels in the streete, deuils in the Kitchin, and Apes in your bed; vpon which, leauing you tumbling; pardon me that thus abruptlie and openlie I take you all vp.

1 La. You haue got so farre into our bookeſ Signior, that you cannot ſcape without a pardon heere, iſ you take vs vp neuer ſo ſnappiſhlie.

2 m. Musickethere to close our Stomackes: how doe you like him Madona?

2 Lad. O truſt me, I like him moſt profoundlie: why, hee's able to put downe twentie ſuch as I am.

3 Lady. Let them build vpon that; nay more, wee'll henceforth neuer goe to a cunning woman, ſince men can teach vs our kerrie.

4 La. We are all fooles to him, and our husbands (if we can holde theſe raines fast) ſhall be fooles to vs.

2 La. If we can keepe but thiſ Bias wenches, our good men may perhaunce once in a month get a fore-game of vs: but if they win a rubbers, let them throw their caps at it.

Imp. No, no, no, deere features, hold their noſes to the grindſtone and they're gone; thankes worthie Signior: fy, fie, fie, you ſtand bare too long: come bright Mirrores, will you withdraw into a gallerie, and taſte a ſlight banquet?

1 Lad. Wee ſhall cloye our ſelues with ſweetes, my ſweete Madona.

2 Lad. Troth I will not Madona Imperia.

Imp. No, no, no, fie, fie, fie, Signior Lazarillo, cyther bee you

Blurt Master Constable:

"our Fore-man , or else put inthese Ladies (at your discretion)
nto the Gallerie and cut of this striuing.

Laz. It shall be my Office , my Fees being (as they passe) to
take tole of their Alabaster hands. *Exeunt.* *Imperia* staies.
Admired creature , I summon you to a parlee , you remember
this is the night?

Imp. So,so,so, I doe remember ; heere is a key,that is your
Chamber; lightes *Simperina*: about twelue a clocke you shall
take my beautie prisoner;fie,fie,fie how I blushe^s at 12.a clocke.

Laz. Rich Argosie of all golden pleasure.

Im. No,no,no,put vp,put vp your ioyes til anon,I wil come
by my virginitie;but I must tel you one thing,that all my cham-
bers are many nightes haunted;with what sprites none can see:
but sometimes wee heare Birdes singing ; sometimes Musick
playing;sometimes voices laughing, but litte not you , nor bee
frighted at any thing.

Laz. By *Hercules*,if any spirits rise,I will coniure them in their
owne Circles with *Toledo*. *(readies)*

Imp. So,so,so, lightes for his chamber: is the Trap - doore
Simp. Tis set sure.

Imp. So, so , so, I will bee rid of this broilde red Sprat that
stinkes so in my stomacke,fih; I hate him worse,than to haue a
Tailor come a woing to me : Gods me , the sweet Ladies , the
banquet, I forget:fie,fie,fie,follow deere *Signior*. *Exeunt*, The trap
doore *Simperina*. *Sim.* Signior come away.

Laz. Cupid I kisse the nocke of thy sweet bowe,
A woman makes meyeeld, *Mars* coud not so.

Enter Curuetto.

Cur. Just ten: tis ten just,that's the fixed houre,
For painment of my loues due fees;that broke:
I forfeit a huge summe of ioyes : ho loue,
Ile keep time just to a minute, I
A sweet guides losse,is a deepe penaltie.
A night's so rich a venture to taste wracke,
Would make a Louer banckrupt,breake his backe;

Noh;

Blurt Master Constable.

Noh, if to sit vp late, earlie to rise,
Or, if this Gold-finche, that with sweet notes flyes,
And wakes the dull eye eu'en of a puritaine;
Can worke, then wenches *Curuetto* is the man;
I am not young, yet haue I youthfull trickes,
Which peering day must not see; noh, close, close:
Olde Courtier, peralous fellow; I can lye
Hug in your bosome, close; yet none shall spye.
Stay, heer's the doore, the window; hah, this, this,
Cord? vnh? deare Cord, thy blessed knot I kisse:
None peepes I hope, night clap thy velvet hand
Npon all eyes, if now my friend thou stand:
Ile hang a Iewell at thine eare sweet night,
And heere it is, *Lant-horne and candle-light*.
A peale, a lustie peale, set, ring loues knell,
Ile sweate, but thus Ile beare away the bell. Simperina aboue

Sim. Signior, who's there, *Signior Curuetto*?

Cur. Vmh! drown'd? Noahs floud? duckt ouer head & ears?
O sconce! & o sconce! an olde soaker, oh!
I sweate now till I drop, what villaines; oh!
Punckes, punkateeroes, nags, hags, I will ban,
I haue catcht my bane.

Sim. Who's there?

Cur. A Water-man.

Sim. Who rings that scoulding peale? (by th'ounce

Cur. I am wringing wet, I am washt; foh, heer's Rose-water sold
This sconce shall batter downe those windowes. *Bounce*:

Sim. What doe you meane? why doe you beate our doores?

What doe you take vs for?

Cur. Y'are all damn'd whoores.

Sim. Signior Curuetto? *Cur.* Signior coxcombe, no;

Sym. What makes you be so hot?

Cur. You lye, I am coole,
I am an olde Courtier, but stincking foole, foh!

Sym. Gods my life what haue you done? you are in a sweet
pickle if you pul'd at this rope;

Blurt Master Constable.

Cur. Hang thy selfe in't, and Ile pull once agen.

Sim. Mary Muff, will you vp and ride, y'are mine elder : by my pure Maiden-head heer's a ielt: why this was a water-worke to drowne a Ratte that vses to creepe in at this window.

Cur. Fire on your Water-workes, catch a drown'd Rat:
That's me, I haue it god-amercie head,
Rat:me; I smell a rat, I strike it dead.

Sim. You sinell a sodden sheepshead; a Rat? a Rat, and you will not beleue me marie foh; I haue beene beleeu'd of your betters, marie snicke vp.

Cur. Simp, nay sweet Simp, open agen, why Simperins?

Sim. Goe from my window goe, goe from, &c. away, goe by olde Ieronimo; nay and you shrinke i'ch wetting, walke, walke, walke.

Cur. I crie thee mercie, if the bowle were set,
To drowne a Rat; I shrinke not am not wet.

Sim. A Rat by this hempe, and you could ha smelt; harke you, heer's the bell, ting, ting, ting; would the clapper were in my bellie, if I am not mad at your copperie; I could scratch, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, (as my Mistris saies) but goe hye you home; shift you, come backe presentlie; heere you shall finde a ladder of cordes, climbe vp, Ile receiue you, my Mistris lies alone, shee's yours, awaie.

Cur. O Simp!

Sim. Nay scud, you know what you promis'd me: I shall haue simple yawling for this, be gone and Mum. *Clap.*

Cur. Thankes, mun deere girle; I am gone, twas for a Rat,
A Rat vpon my life, thou shalt haue gifts,
I loue thee tho thou puts me to my shuftes;
I know I could be ouer-reacht by none,
A Paulons head, lye close, lye close, I am gone.

Exit.

Musicke sodainly plaies, and Birds sing: Enter Lazarillo bare headed in his shire: a paire af Pantaples on, a Rapier in his hand and a Tobacco pipe: he seemes amazed, and walkes so up and downe. A song presently within.

La. Saint

Blurt Master Constable

La. Saint Iagues and the seuen deadlie sinnes (that is, the seuen wise Masters of the world) pardon me for this night, I will kill the deuill.

Wurbin. Ha ha ha.

La. Thou Prince of Black-amoores, thou shalt haue small cause to laugh, if I run thee through: this chamber is haunted, would I had not beene brought a bed in it, or else were well deliuered: for my heart tels mee tis no good lucke, to haue any thing to doe with the deuill, hee's aaultry marchant.

A Song within.

Midnights bell goes ting,ting,ting,ting,ting,
Then dogs doe howle, and no^r a bird does sing:
But the Nightingale, and she cries twit, twit, twit, twit,
Owles then on euerie bowe doe sit.
Rauens Croake on Chimnies topes,
The Cricket in the Chamber boppes:
And the Cats crye mew,mew,mew,
The nibbling Mouse is not a sleepe
But he goes,peepe,peepe,peepe,peepe,peepe,
And the Cats cryes,mew,mew,mew,
And still the Cats cryes mew,mew,mew.

Laz. I shall be mowz'd by pusse-cattes: but I had rather dye a dogs death; they haue nine liues (a peece like a woman) and they will make it vp ten liues, if they and I fall a scratching: Bright Helena of this house, wod thy Troy were a fire, for I am a colde; or else wod I had the Greckes wodden Curtall, to ride away: most Ambrosian-lipt creature, come away quicklie, for this nights lodging lyes colde at my heart.

The Spanish Pauin.

The Spanish Pauin: I thought the deuill could not vnderstand Spanish: but since thou art my countriman, o thou tawnie Satin, I will daunce after thy pipe,

Blurt Master Constable.

He daunces the Spanish Pauin.

Laz. Ho sweet deuill, ho thou wilt make any man weary of
thee, tho he deale with thee in his shirt,
Sweet beautie; shee'll not come, Ile fall to sleepe,
And dreame of her, loue-dreames are nere too deepe.]

Falles downe, Frisco aboue laughing.

Fris. Ha,ha,ha.

Laz. Ho,ho, Frisco, Madona, I am in hell, but heer is no fire;
Hell fire is all put out; what ho? so ho ho? I shall bee drown'd; I
beseech thee, deare Frisco, raise Blurt the Constable, or some
Scauinger, to come and make cleane these kennels of hell,
for they stinke so, that I shall cast away my precious selfe.

Imp. Is he downe Frisco?

Fris. Hee's downe, he cryes out he's in hell, it's heauen to me
to haue him cry so.

Imp. Fye,fye,fye, let him lye, and get all to bed.

Exit.

Fris. Not all, I haue fatting knauerie in hand,
He cryes he's damn'd in hell; the next shall cry,
Hee's clyming vp to heauen, and heer's the ginne:
One woodcocke stainne, Ile haue his brother in.

Exit.

Enter Curuetto.

Cur. Briske as a capring Taylor; I was washt,
But did they shau me: noh, I am too wise;
Lye close i'th bosome of their knaueries,
I am an olde hoarie Courtier, and strike dead;
I hit my markes: ware, ware, a perelous head.
Cast, I must finde a ladder made of roapes,

Enter Blurt and watch.

Ladder and roape, what follow? hanging; I
But where? ah ha, there does the riddle lye.
I haue scapt drowning; but, but, but, I hope,
I shall not scape the ladder and the roape.

VVood. Yonder's

Blurt Master Constable.

VWood. Yonder's a light Master Constable.

Blu. Peace woodcocke the sconce approaches.

Cur. Whew:

Blu. I, whisling! Slubber Iog the watch, & giue the Lanthorne
a flap.

Cur. Whew, Symp, Symperina?

Fris. Who's there?

Cur. Who's there?

Fris. Signior Curuetto heer's the ladder, I watch to doe you
a good turne, I am Frisco, is not Blurt abroad and his Bill-men?

Cur. No matter if they be, I heare none nye:
I will snug close; out goes my candles eye,
My sconce takes this in snuffe, all's one I care not.

Fris. Why when?

Cur. I come, close, close, holde rope and spare not.

Slu. Now the candle's out.

Blu. Peace,

Cur. Frisco, light, light, my foote is slipt, call helpe:

Frisco. Helpe, helpe, helpe, theeues, theeues, helpe,
theeues, &c.

Blu. Theeues, where? follow close: Slubber the Lanthorne,
holde; I charge you in the Dukes name stand: Sirra, y'are like to
hang for this: downe with him.

They take him downe.

Fris. Master Blurt, Master Constable, heer's his ladder, hee
comes to rob my misbris, I haue bin scar'd out of my wits, aboue
seauen times by him, and it's fortie to one, if euer they come in a-
gen, I lay fellonie to his charge.

Cur. Fellonie? you cunny-catching slave.

Fris. Cunny-catching will beare an action; Ile cunny-catch
you for this, if I can finde our key I will ayde you: Master
Blurt, if not, looke to him, as you will answere it vpon your
death-bed.

Blu. What are you?

Cur. A Venetian Gentleman.

Blu, Wood-

Blurt Master Constable.

Blu. Woodcocke, how dost thou Woodcocke?

VVod. Thank your worship.

Blur. Woodcocke, you are of our side now, and therfore your acquaintance cannot serue, and you were a Gentleman of ver-
dut I would commit you.

Cur. Why, what are you sir?

Blu. What am I sir? doe not you know this staffe? I am sir
the Dukes owne Image; at this time the Dukes tongue (for fault
of a better) lyes in my mouth; I am Constable sir.

Cur. Constable, and commit me? marie *Blur* Master Con-
stable.

Blu. Away with him.

Omnes. It's follie to b'riue; *He striues.*

Blur. I say awaie with him, Ile *Blur* you, Ile teach you to
stand couer'd to Authoritie; your hoarie head shall bee knockt
when this staffe is in place.

Cur. I but Master Constable —

Blur. No, pardon me, you abuse the Duke, in me that am his
Cipher, I say away with him; *Gulch*, away with him; *Woodcocke*,
keepe you with me, I wil be known for more then *Blur*. *Exeunt*

Enter Lazarillo.

Laz. Thou honest fellow (the man in the Moone) I beseech
thee set fire on thy bush of thornes, to light and warme me, for
I am dung wet: I fell like *Lucifer* I thinke into hell, and am
crauld out, but in worse pickle than my leane Pilcher: heere a-
bout is the Hot-house of my loue, ho, ho? why ho there?

Fris. Who's that? what Deuill standes hohing at my doore
so late?

Laz. I beseech thee Frisco take in Lazarilloes ghost.

Fris. Lazarilloes ghost? haunt me not I charge thee, I knowe
thee not, I am in a dreame ot a drie-Summer, therefore appeare
not to me.

La. Is not this the mantion of the cherrie-lipt *Madona*
Imperia?

Fris. Yes,

Blurt Master Constable.

Fris. Yes how than? you Fly-blowne rascall, what art thou?

La. Laz villa de Tormes: sweete bloud, I haue a poore Spanish suite, depending in your house; let me enter most pretious *Frisco*, the Mistris of this mansion is my beautifull Hoastesse.

Fris. How? you Turpentine pill, my wife your Hostesse? away you Spanish vermine.

La. I beseech thee (most pittifull *Frisco*) allow my lamentation.

Fris. And you lament heere, Ile stone you with Brick-bats, I am asleepe.

Laz. My Slop and Mandillion lye at thy mercy (fine *Frisco*) I beseech thee let not my case beethine, I must and will lament.

Fris. Must you? Ile wash off your teares; away you hogs-face.

Exit.

La. Thou hast sowsed my poor hogs-face: O *Frisco*, thou art a scurie Doctor, to cast my water no better; it is most rammish. Vrine, Mars shall not saue thee, I will make a browne toaste of thy heart, and drinke it in a pot of thy strong bloud.

Enter Blurt and all his watch.

Blu. Such fellows must be taken downe, stand: what white thing is yonder?

Blub. Who goes there? come before the Constable.

La. My deare hoast, *Blurt*:

Blur. You haue *Bluried* faire, I am by my Office to examine you, where you haue spent these two nights?

La. Most bigge *Blurt*, I answere thy great Authoritie, that I haue beene in hell, and am scratcht to death with Pusie-Cattes.

Blur. Doe you run a th score at an Officers house, & then runne aboue twelue score off?

La. I did not runne my sweet-fac'd *Blurt*; the Spanish fleete is bringing golde enough to discharge all, from the ladies: lodge

G

me

Blurt Master Constable.

me most pittifull Bill-man.

Blu. Marie and will : I am (in the Dukes name) to charge you with despicious of fellowie : and Burglarie is committed this night, and we are to reprehend any that we thinke to bee faultie ; were not you at *Madona* freckle-faces house ?

La. Signior see.

Blu. Away with him, clap him vp.

La. Most thundring *Blurt* doe not clap me,
Most thundring *Blurt* doe not clap me.

Blu. Master *Lazarus*, I know you are a sorefellow where you take, and therefore I charge you (in the Dukes name) to goe without wrasling, though you be in your shirt.

La. Commendable *Blurt*.

Blu. The end of my commendations is to commit you.

La. I am kin to *Don Dego* the Spanish *Adelantado*.

Blu. If you be kin to *Don Dego* (that was fynkt out in Paules) you packe ; your Lantedoes nor your Lanteeroes cannot serue your turne: I charge you, let me commit you to the tuition.----

Laz. Worshipfull *Blurt*, doe not commit me into the hands of dogs.

Omnis. Dogs?

Blu. Master *Lazarus*, ther's not a dog shall bite you, these are true Bill-men, that fight vnder the common wealthes flag.

Laz. *Blurt* —

Blu. Blurt me no *Blurts*, Ile teach all Spaniards how to meddle with whoores.

Laz. Most cunning Constable, all Spaniards know that alreadie, I haue meddled with none.

Blu. Your being in your shirt berayes you.

Laz. I beseech thee most honest *Blurt*, let not my shirt betraye me.

Blu. I say away with him : *Musick*, that's in the Curtizans; they are about some vngodlie Acte, but Ile play a part in't ere morning :

Blurt Master Constable.

morning: away with Lazarus.

Omnis. Come Spaniard.

Laz. Thy kynes and thee, for this shal watch in durt to feede
on carrion.

Blu. Hence, pcrooh.

La. O base Blurt! O base Blurt! O base Blurt! *Exeunt*

Enter Camillo, Hippolito, Virgilio, Asorino, Baptista, Bentiuoli
Doyt and Dandyprat, all weapon'd, their Rapiers
sheathes in their bands.

Camil. Gentlemen and Noble Italians, whome I loue best; who know best what wrongs I haue stood vnder: being layde on by him, who is to thanke me for his life, I did bestowe him (as the prize of mine honour) vpon my Loue, the most faire *Violetta*: my loues merit was basely sold to him, by the most false *Violetta*: not content with this Fellonie, he hath dar'd to addc the sweet theft of Ignoble marriage; shee's now, nones but his, and hee (treacherous villaine) any ones, but hers; hee dotes (my honor'd friends) on a painted Curtizan, and in scorne of our Italian lawes, our familie, our reuenge, loathes *Violettaes* bed, for a harlots bosome: I coniure you therefore, by all the bonds of Gentilitie, that as you haue solemnly sworne a most sharpe; so let the reuenge be most sodaine.

Vir. Be not your selfe a barre, to that sodainnes, by this protraction.

Omnis. Away Gentlemen, away then.

Hip. As for that light Hobby-horse my Sister, whose foule name, I will race out with my Poniard; by the honour of my Familie (which her lust hath prophaned) I sweare (and Gentlemen be in this, my sworne brothers) I sweare that as all Venice does admire her beautie, so all the world shall be amazed at her punishment, follow therefore.

Blurt Master Constable.

Vir. Stay, let our resolutions keepe together: whether goe we first?

Cam. To the Strumpet *Imperiaes*.

Omnis. Agreed, what then?

Cam. There to finde *Fontinell*; found, to kill him.

Vir. And kill'd, to hang out his reeking bodie, at his Harlots window.

Cam. And by his body, the strumpets.

Hip. And betweene both, my Sisters.

Vir. The Tragedie is iust: on then, begin:

Cam. As you goe, euerie hand pull in a friend, to strengthen vs against all opposites: he that has any drop of true Italian bloud in him, thus vow(this morning) to shed others, or let out his owne; if you consent to this, follow me.

Omnis. *Via*, away, the treacherous Frenchman dyes.

Hip. At so, Saint Marke my Pistoll, thus death flyes.

Exeunt.

Enter *Fontinell* and *Imperia* arme in arme.

Imp. Ah you little effeminate sweete *Cheneleere*, why dost thou not get a loose Periwig of haire on thy chinne, to set thy French face off, bythe panting pulse of *Venus*: thou art welcome a thousand degrees beyond the reach of Arithmaticke: Good, good, good, your lip is moiste & mouing; it hath the truest French close, eu'en like *Mapew*; la,la,la &c.

Font. Deare Ladie, ô life of loue, what sweetnes dwells
In loues varietie? the soule that plods
In one harsh booke of beautie; but repeates
The stale and tedious learning, that hath oft
Faded the fences: when(in reading more)
We glide in new sweets, and are staru'd with store,
Now by the heart of loue, my *Violet*
Is a foule weede (ô pure Italian flower!)
She, a blacke Negro, to the white compare,

Of

Blurt Master Constable

Of this vnequal'd beautie: O most accurst!
That I haue giuen her leaueto challenge me:
But Ladie, poison speakes Italian well,
And in a loathed kisse, Ile include her hell.

Imp. So, so, so doe, doe, doe, come, come, come; will you condemne the muterushes to be prest to death by your sweet body? downe, downe, downe, heere, heere, heere; leane your head vpon the lap of my gowne; good, good good: O Saint Marke! Heere is a loue-marke able to weare more Ladies eyes for Jewels then — oh! lye still, lye still, I will leuill a true Venetian kisse ouer your right shoulder.

Fond. Shoote home(faire Mistris)and as that kisse flyes,
From lip to lip, wound me with your sharpe eyes.

Imp. No, no, no, Ile beate this Cherry-tree thus, & thus,
and thus; and you name wound. *kisse him.*

Fond. I will offend so, to be beaten still.

Imp. Doe, doe, doe, and if you make any more such lips, when I beate you, by my Virginitie you shall busse this rod: *Musickē*: I pray thee bee not a puritaine. Sister to the rest of the Sciences, I knewe the time when thou couldst abide handling.

Lowde Musickē.

Oh, fie, fie, fie, forbear, thou art like a punie-Barber(new come to the trade) thou pick'st our cares too deepe: So, so, so, will my sweet prisoner entertaine a poore Italian Song?

Fond. O most willingly my deare *Madona*.

Imp. I care not if I perswade my bad voice to wrastle with this Musickē and catch a straine; so, so, so, keep time, keep time, keep time.

Song.

Loue for such a cherrie lip,
Would be glad to payne his arrowes:
Venus heere to take a Sip,
Would sell her Doves and teeme of Sparrow.
But they shall not so,

Blurt Master Constable.

*Hey nony nony no :
None but I this lip must owe,
Hey nony nony no.*

Fon. Your voice does teach the Musick,

Imp. No, no, no.

Fon. Againe, deare Loue.

Imp.

*Hey nony nony no :
Did Loue see this wanton eye,
Ganimede must waite no longer :
Phœbe heere one night did lye,
Would change her face and louke much younger.
But they shall not so,
Hey nony nony no :
None but I this lip must owe,
Hey nony nony no.*

Enter Frisco, Triuia, and Simperina running.

Omnis. O Madona ! Mistris ! e Madona !

Fris. Case vp this Gentleman, ther's rapping at doore ; and
one in a small voice, saies, ther's Camilla and Hippolito.

Simp. And they will come in.

Fon. Vpon their deathes they shall, for they seeke mine.

Imp. No, no, no, locke the doores fast, Triuia, Simperina, stir,
Borb. Alas !

Fon. Come they in shape of Deuils, this Angell by :
I am arm'd, let them come in; vds foote, they dye.

Imp. Fie, fie, fie, I will not haue thy white body —

Viol. What ho; *Madona?* Knocke.

Imp. O harke ! not hurt for the Rialta; goe, goe, goe, put vp :
by my Virginitie you shall put vp.

Viol. Heere are Camilla and Hippolito.

Im. Into that little roome, you are there as safe as in France, or
the

Blurt Master Constable.

the Low Countries.

Font. Oh God!

Exit.

Imp. So, so, so, let them enter; *Trisia*, *Simperina*, smooth my gowne, treade downe the rashes, let them enter; doe, doe, doe, no wordes pretty darling: la, la, la, hey nony nony no.

Enter Frisco and Violetta.

Friso. Are two men transform'd into one woman?

Imp. How now? what motion's this?

Viol. By your leaue sweet beautie, pardon my excuse, which vnder the maske of *Camilloes* and my brothers names, sought entrance into this house: good Sweetnes, haue you not a propertie heere, improper to your house, my husband?

Imp. Hah; your husband heere?

Viol. Nay be as you see me to be (white Douc) without gall,

Imp. Gall; your husband? ha, ha, ha; by my ventoy (yellow Lady) you take your marke improper, no, no, no, my Suger-candie Mistris) your good man is not heere I assure you; heere? ha hah.

Tris. & Sim. Heere?

Frisco. Much husbands heere.

Viol. Doe not mocke mee fairest Venetian; come, I knowe hee's heere: good faith I doe not blame him, for your beautie glides ouer his error; troth I am right glad that you (my Countrie woman) haue receiuied the pawne of my affections: you cannot bee hard-harted, louing him, nor hate mee, for I loue him too: since wee both loue him, let vs not leaue him, till wee haue call'd home the ill husbandrie of a sweete Strangler; prethee (good wench) vse him well.

Imp. So, so, so.

F. Viol. If he deserue not to bee vsed well (as Ide bee loath he should deserue it) Ile ingage my selfe (deere beauty) to thine honest hart; giue me leaue to loue him, and Ile giue him a kinde of leauc to loue thee: I know he heer's me; I prethee try mine eyes, if they

Blurt Master Constable.

if they knowe him, that haue almost drown'd themselues in their owne salt water,because they cannot see him: In troth Ile not chide him; if I speake wordes rougher then soft kisses,my penaunce shall bee to see him kisse thee, yet to holde my peace.

Fris. And that's torment enough,alas poore wench,

Sim. Shee's an Asse , by the crowne of my Mayden-head,
I de scratch her eyes out,if my man stood in her Tables,

Viol. Good partener,lodge me in thy priuate bed,
Where (in supposed follie)he may end,
Determin'd sinne; thou smil'lt,I know thou wilt;
What loosenes may terme dotage(truelie read)
Is loue ripe gather'd,not soone withered.

Imp. Good troth(pretty wed-locke) thou makst my little
eyes smart,with washing themselues in brine; I keep your Cocke
from his owne roo't? and mar such a sweete face?and wipe off
that daintie red:an I make Cupid tole the bell for your loue-sick
hart: no,no,no,if he were Ioues own Ingle(*Ganimed*)fie,fie,fie,
Ile none ; your Chamber-fellow is within, thou shalt inioy my
bed , and thine owne pleasure this night: *Simperina* conduct in
this Ladie; *Frisco* silence,ha,ha,ha; I am sorrie to see a woman so
tame a foole,come,come,come.

Viol. Starre of Venetian beautie,thankes; ô who
Can beare this wrong, and be a woman too? *Exeunt.*

Enter Camillo,Hippolito,Virgilio and others: the Duke & Gen-
tlemen with him: Blurt and his watch on his fiae,
with Torches.

Omnis. We are dishonour'd,giue vs way,he dyes,he dyes.

Duk. I charge you by your dueties to the State,
And loue to gentrie,sheathe your weapons.

Blu. Stand,I charge you put vp your naked weapons, and
we'll put vp our rusty Billes.

Cam. Up to the hilts,we will in his French bodie.

My

Blurt Master Constable.

My Lord, we charge you by the rauisht honour
Of an Italian Lady : by our wrongs,
By that eternall blot (which if this slauē
Pasle free without reuenge) like Leprosie,
Will run ouer all the bodie of our fames;
Give open way to our iust wrath, least bar'd —

Duk. Gentlemen —

Cam. Breaking the bonds of honour and of duetie;
We cut a passage through you with our swoords. •

Omn. He that withstands vs, run him through.

Blurt. I charge you i'th Dukes name (before his owne face)
to keep the peace.

Cam. Keepethou the peace, that hast a Peasants heart.

Watc. Peasant?

Cam. Our peace must haue her cheeke painted with bloud.

Omn. Away, through —

Blu. Sweet Gentlemen: though you haue called the Dukes
owne ghost Peasant, for I walke for him i'th night: (Kilderkin &
Pisse-breech holde out) yet heere me, (deare blouds) the Duke
heere for fault of a better and my selfe; (Cuckoe flye not hence)
for fault of a better, are to lay you by the heeles, if you goe thus
with fire and swoord ; for the Duke is the head , and I
Blurt, am the purtenance : Woodcocke keepe by my side;
Now sir —

Omn. A plague vpon this Woodcocke; kill the Watch.

Duk. Now in the name of manhood I coniure yee,
Appeare in your true shapes ; Italians,
You kill your honours more in this reuenge,
Than in his murder : Stay, stand, heer's the house.

Blu. Right Sir, this is the whoore-house , heere hee calles and
sets in his staffe.

Duk. Sheath all your weapons worthy Gentlemen,
And by my lise I swarc, if Fontinell
Haue stain'd the honour of your Sisters bed,
The fact being death, lle pay you his proude head.

H

Cam. Arrest

Blurt Master Constable.

Cam. Arrest him then before our eyes; and see!
Our furie sleepes.

Duk. This honest Officer —

Blur. Blurt sir.

Duk. Shall fetch him foorth: goe sirra, in our name
Attach the French Lord.

Blur. Garlick and the rest follow stronglie. *Exeunt watch*

Duk. O what a scandall were it to a State,
To haue a stranger, (and a prisoner)
Murdred by such a troope? Besides, through *Venice*
Are numbers of his Country-men dispearst;
Whose rage (meeting with yours) none can preuent
The mischiefe of a bloudie consequent.

Enter Blurt and watch, holding Fontinell and his weapons.

Blu. The Duke is within an Inch of your nose, and therefore
I dare play with it, if you put not vp; deliuier I aduise you.

Font. Yeeld vp my weapons and my foe so nye?
My selfe and weapons shall together yeeld,
Come any one, come all.

Omes. Kill, kill the Frenchman, kill him.

Duk. Be satisfi'd my noble Countrymen,
Ile trust you with his life, so you will pawne
The faithes of Gentlemen, no desperate hand
Shall rob him of it; otherwise, he runnes
Vpon this daungerous point, that dares appose
His rage against our authoritie: French Lord,
Yeeld vp this strength, our word shal be your Guard.

Font. Who defyest death, needs none, hee's well prepar'd.

Duk. My honest fellow, with a good defence,
Enter againe, fetch out the Curtizan,
And all that are within.

Blu. Ile tickle her; it shall nere bee said that a browne Byll
lookt pale.

Exeunt watch.
Cam. French-

Blurt Master Constable.

Cam. Frenchman, thou art indebted to our Duke.

Font. For what?

Cam. Thy life, for (but for him) thy soule
Had long ere this hung trembling in the ayre,
Being frighted from thy bosome with our twoords.

Font. I doe not thanke your Duke; yet (if you will)
Turne bloudie Executioners: who dyes
For so bright beauty, is a bright Sacrifice.

Duk. The beautie you adore so, is prophane,
The breach of wedlocke (by our law) is death.

Font. Law give me law.

Duk. With all feueritie.

Font. In my Loues eyes immortall ioyes doe dwell,
She is my heauen; she from me, I am in hell:
Therefore your Law, your Law:

Duk. Make way, she comes.

Enter Blurt leading Imperia, watch with Violetta maskt.

Imp. Fye, Fye, Fye.

Blu. Your fye, fye, fye, nor your foh, foh, foh, cannot serue
your turne; ou must now beare it off with head and shoulders.

Duk. Now fetch Curnetto, and the Spaniard heather,
Their punishments shall lye vnder one doome,
What is she maskt?

Blu. A puncke too; follow fellows, Slubber afore: *Exeunt.*

Vio. Shee that is maskt, is leader of this Maske,
What's heere? Bowes, Billes and Gunnes: noble *Camillo*,
I am sure you are Lord of all this mis-rule: I pray
For whose sake doe you make this swaggering fray?

Cam. For yours, and for your owne we come resolu'd,
To murther him, that poisons your chaste bed;
To take reuenge on you, for your false heart:
And (wanton Dame) our wrath heere must not sleepe,
Your sinne being deep't, your share shall be most deepe.

Blurt Master Constable.

Viol. With pardon of your grace, my selfe (to you all)
At your owne weapons, thus doe answere all.
For payng away my heart, that was my owne,
Fight not to win that, in good troth tis gone,
For my deere loues abusing my chaste bed,
And her sweet theft: Alacke, you are misled,
This was a plot of mine, onelie to trie
Your loues strange temper; sooth I doe not lye.
My *Fontinell* nere dally'd in her armes;
She never bound his heart with amorous charmes,
My *Fontinell* nere loath'd my sweet embrace,
Shee never drew loues picture by his face;
When he from her white hand would striue to goe,
Shee never cry'd fyc, fyc, nor no, no, no.
With prayers and bribes, we hyred her (*Both*) to lye
Under that roofe; for this must my loue dye?
Who dare be so hard harted? looke you, we kisse,
And if he loath his *Violetta*; judge by this.

Fon. O sweetest *Violet*; I blush —

Kiss

Viol. Good figure,
Weare still that maiden blush, but still be mine.

Fon. I seale my selfe thine owne, with both my hands,
In this true deede of gift: Gallants, heere stands
This Ladies Champion, at his foote Ile lye,
That dares touch her: who taintes my constancie,
I am no man for him, fight he with her,
And yeeld, for shee's a noble conquerer.

Duk. This combat shall not neede; for see, ashame'd,
Of their rash vowes, these Gentlemen heere breake,
This storme; and doe with hands, what tongues should speake;

Omnis. All friends?

All friends.

Hip. Puncke you may laugh at this,
Heer's trickes, but mouth Ile stop you with a kisse.

Enter

Blurt Master Constable.

Enter Curuetto and Lazarillo, led by Blurt and the watch.

Blu. Roome, keep al the scabs back, for heer comes Lazarus.

Duk. Oh heer's our other spirit that walke i'ch night,
Signior Curuetto, by complaint from her,
And by your writing heere, I reach the depth
Of your offence; they charge your climbing vp
To be to rob her: if so, then by law
You are to dye vntesse she marrie you.

Im. Fie fie, fie, I will be burnt to ashes first.

Cur. How dye? or marie her? then call me Daw,
Marry her? shee's more common then the law,
For boyes to call me Oxe: noh, I am not drunke,
Ile play with her, but (hang her) wed no puncke.
I shall be a hoarie Courtier then indeede,
And haue a perilous head, then I were best
Lye close, lye close, to hide my forked crest.
Noh; fye, fye, hang me before the doore,
Where I was drown'd ere I marry with a whore.

Duk. Well *Signior*, for we rightly vnderstand,
From your accusers, how you stood her guest,
We pardon you and passe it as a iest:
And for the Spaniard sped so hardlie too,
Discharge him *Blurt, Signior* we pardon you.

Blu. Sir, hee's not to bee discharg'd, nor so to bee shot off, I
haue put him into a new suite, and haue entred into him with an
action, he owes me two and thirtie shillings.

Laz. It is thy honour to haue me dye in thy debt.

Blu. It would be more honour to thee to pay me before thou
dye'st; twenty shillings of this debt came out of his nose.

Laz. Beare witnes great Duke, hee's paide twentie shillings.

Blu. *Signior* no, you cannot smoake me so; he tooke twen-
ty shillings of it in a fewme, and the rest I charge him with for
his lying.

Blurt Master Constable.

La. My lying (most pittifull Prince) was abhominable.

Blu. He did lye (for the tyme) as well as any Knight of the
Poaste did euer lye.

Laz. I doe heere put off thy suite, and appeale; I warne thee
to the Court of Conscience, and will pay thee by two pence a
weeke, which I wil rake out of the hot embers of Tobacco ashes,
and then trauaile on foote to the Indies for more golde, whose
red cheekes I will kisse, and beate thee *Blurt* if thou watch for
me.

Hip. There be many of your Countrymen in *Ireland* Signi-
or, trauaile to them.

La. No, I will fall no more into bogges.

Duk. Sirra, his debt, our selfe will satisfie.

Blu. *Blurt* (my Lord dare take your word for as much more.

Duk. And since this heate of furie is all spent,
And Tragick shapes meete Comicall euent:
Let this bright morning, merrilv be crown'd
With daunces, banquets, and choyce Musickes sound. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.



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